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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Christian Personalism and Peace

THE POPE'S Christmas wartime allocutions broadcast to the world have come to be the occasion for enunciating basic principles for the solution of the travail of the nations. Pius XII's recent message eloquently expressed loving solicitude for suffering humanity throughout the world, but for the most part it was a detailed and seemingly detached analysis of the fundamental principles governing "the internal order of States and peoples." It carried one step further the study of the establishment of an international order characterized by collaboration and friendly relations undertaken in the Pope's Christmas allocution of a year ago.

The discussion is indeed so focused on principles that it is difficult to realize that certain sections are issued in the very midst of a world cataclysm. In this the allocution may be somewhat reminiscent of Saint Augustine's calmly working out his theory of the Two Cities while the Roman Empire and civilization as it was then developed were collapsing from within, and under the onslaught of the barbarians. But this message to the world carries on the great tradition of the modern social encyclicals, particularly in regard to capitalism. Here are two excerpts: "After the fateful economy of the past decades, during which the lives of all citizens were subordinated to the stimulus of gain, there now succeeds another and no less fateful policy which, while it considers everybody and everything with reference to the State, excludes all thought of ethics or religion." Again, "Should they rather, over the ruins of a social order which has given such tragic proof of its ineptitude as a factor for the good of the people, gather together the hearts of all those who are magnanimous and upright. . . ."

Moreover the allocution is a call to all men to enroll under the banner of personalism, that movement which had begun to flower in France for a few years before the war, and which was beginning to gain more and more adherents in this country among Catholics and others. Pius XII calls for an order within the nation that safeguards the fundamental rights and dignity of the human person, of the family, of labor. Law must be restored to its proper estate and the State conceived of in a Christian spirit. Such essential elements as widespread ownership of private property, social institutions assuring full personal responsibility, freedom of religion, education and works of charity, free choice of one's state in life, good housing, the just wage, renunciation of national isolation, juridical security—all are explicitly mentioned.

Those who contemn Pope Pius XII for failing to take sides in this war seem to forget that the Pope is the common father of all humanity, the shepherd who has at heart the well-being of men of every nation. The most important error of such critics is, however, to fail to see that the Pope's five point peace program and the new enunciation of Christian personalism which would form the internal framework for the new international society would be impossible if the Axis were to win. It is up to all men of good will to see to it that some such program is the result of the coming Allied victory.

The Easy Way Out

THE DEATH of a personage very much in the public eye often leads one to meditate the significance of that person on a far broader canvas than the immediate political or intellectual consequences of his life or death. For every so often a man or a woman carries with him a symbolic significance so marked as to be inescapable. He may be a noble symbol, one to which the best hopes and aspirations of his contemporaries naturally are linked; or he may be a symbol of some disease so prevalent in his generation as to be typical of it. When you reflect upon the life and works of Admiral Darlan, he seems to fall into this latter category with remarkable vividness. All of his public life points fatally in one direction.

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It is no question of motives; it is a question of recorded acts. This dapper political naval officer seems the epitome of lack of political courage.

No one who has any acquaintance with history would be silly enough to suggest that this disease never infected people before our own day. Obviously our civilization and every civilization of which we have knowledge has bred time-servers and timid men in high office. But one somehow gets an impression that our generation has been cursed with a larger proportion of such than any generation in a past recent enough to be alive to us. Admiral Darlan was the head of the French Navy. When the French Army was defeated, the Navy remained intact and in fighting trim. So also did the Empire. Would Darlan have his sailors continue to fight, or would he include his warships in the armistice? There is evidence that he was inclined to continue the fight, if only because he feared that the Germans and Italians would want to take over his little kingdom and leave him without roots for political power. As soon as he found out that the armistice was generous in his behalf, all notion of fighting evaporated, and in time he became Vichy's Number Two man. Then, when the certitude of an Axis victory seemed gravely less, at a most opportune moment, the Admiral was in North Africa. He could have let the Americans land without firing a shot. But that would have required a moral decision. It was easier to let yourself be captured and then come out bravely as a savior of French independence who had always been against a German triumph.

What the man's motives may have been is little concern of ours, now that he is dead. The record is so clear that we need not bother with the motives. His known decisions and public acts were always conditioned by events, by the easiest way out. And the easiest way out is one form of statesmanship. Very few men in public life today have not constantly yielded to the temptations implicit in this psychology. To a lesser degree, even some of our most revered—and reviled—leaders have let events make up their minds, have truckled to public opinion rather than helped to form it. One is sadly driven to the conclusion that politically today's most courageous men have been those whose politics we all most abhor and whose defeat we all desire. The moral is serious. We must ourselves look, work and vote for a new sort of leadership in democracy.

* * *

The day after Darlan's murder the French Brazzaville radio gave an extensive rhetorical list of motives—most of them bitterly patriotic—which may have inspired the murderer. It is hardly necessary to say that we reject any justification of political murder, or patriotic murder, or strategic murder. We would be interested in knowing what went on in the unbalanced mind of a desperate young Frenchman in North Africa but since it has not been judged advisable to inform the public as to his motives there can be no useful purpose in attempting to guess them. Whether Darlan was killed for, or in spite of, the assistance he gave the Allies, his death appears to us principally as a portent of other deaths, of other murders, of a long series of murders and deaths which we fear will be announced to us with growing frequency as victory nears and which in victory will dismay us. Each murder will be explained, each murder will be justified by one faction or another. Some will appear to us as temporarily advancing our cause; others as impeding our progress. They must not be judged pragmatically, for all will be evidence of uncontrolled confusion, and of a spirit of personal violence which will endanger our civilization.

Our plans are based on justice between nations and on bringing nations into a relationship and order which will preserve peace among them. In order to achieve any such future it may prove necessary for all nations to yield a certain degree of sovereignty, to delegate a certain amount of authority. The time for selfish isolated nationalism is past. Yet the nation remains a necessary unit, a natural grouping of lives and forces. It is this unit which in many countries abroad is now more and more dangerously in peril. With what can we build if the nations we are struggling to liberate from German servitude should meanwhile be torn asunder by unrelenting internal discord? The discord is there, the errors and the crimes are there. The hatreds are there, in France, in Germany, in Italy—all over Europe. It is impossible, it is not even logical or desirable to expect any national unity in countries where men have supported and opposed fascism, accepted or refused collaboration with the enemy. Men, politicians and intellectuals, in many countries of Europe have acted and have spoken in a way that is unforgivable and that their compatriots will never forgive. There is that premise which cannot be evaded. It is because that fact is there, appalling and dominating our times, that no condemnation of political murder can ever be strong enough.

N.B.

"SINCE hunger breeds more implacable hate than a Hitler can ever evoke (in our own history, the aftermath of Sherman's march continues to have repercussions) America is doubly concerned about the tragic condition of the oppressed countries. To say to starving friends that if they will kindly arrange to keep alive until the war is over, then Britain and America will come to their rescue, does not seem good enough." From "Feed Europe Now!" by Eve Garette in *Common Sense* for January, 1943.

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Freedom

Pantheon Books, 41 Washington Square, New York, are publishing this month "Charles Péguy: Basic Verities," a French-English edition (translations by Ann and Julian Green) of selected prose and poetry by the great French writer whose influence on the spiritual life of the French has grown steadily ever since he died leading his men in attack on September 5, 1914. Péguy published his own works in his Cahiers de la Quinzaine, *attending to every typographical detail as the artisan he was proud to be. This moving passage in which Péguy does not hesitate to put words in the mouth of God is from* Cahier *XIII of the twelfth series.*—THE EDITORS.

GOD SPEAKS:

When you love someone, you love him as he is.
I alone am perfect.
It is probably for that reason
That I know what perfection is
And that I demand less perfection of those poor people.
I know how difficult it is.
And how often, when they are struggling in their trials,
How often do I wish and am I tempted to put my hand under their stomachs
In order to hold them up with my big hand
Just like a father teaching his son how to swim
In the current of the river
And who is divided between two ways of thinking.
For on the one hand, if he holds him up all the time and if he holds him up too much,
The child will depend on this and will never learn how to swim.
But if he doesn't hold him up just at the right moment
That child is bound to swallow more water than is healthy for him.
In the same way, when I teach them how to swim amid their trials
I too am divided by two ways of thinking.
Because if I am always holding them up, if I hold them up too often,
They will never learn how to swim by themselves.
But if I don't hold them up just at the right moment,
Perhaps those poor children will swallow more water than is healthy for them.
Such is the difficulty, and it is a great one.
And such is the doubleness itself, the two faces of the problem.
On the one hand, they must work out their salvation for themselves. That is the rule.
It allows of no exception. Otherwise it would not be interesting. They would not be men.
Now I want them to be manly, to be men, and to win by themselves
Their spurs of knighthood.
On the other hand, they must not swallow more water than is healthy for them,
Having made a dive into the ingratitude of sin.
Such is the mystery of man's freedom, says God,
And the mystery of my government towards him and towards
his freedom.
If I hold him up too much, he is no longer free
And if I don't hold him up sufficiently, I am endangering his salvation.
Two goods in a sense almost equally precious.
For salvation is of infinite price.
But what kind of salvation would a salvation be that was not free?
What would you call it?
We want that salvation to be acquired by himself,
Himself, man. To be procured by himself.
To come, in a sense, from himself. Such is the secret,
Such is the mystery of man's freedom.
Such is the price we set on man's freedom.
Because I myself am free, says God, and I have created man in my own image and likeness.
Such is the mystery, such the secret, such the price
Of all freedom.
That freedom of that creature is the most beautiful reflection in this world
Of the Creator's freedom. That is why we are so attached to it,
And set a proper price on it.
A salvation that was not free, that was not, that did not come from a free man could in no wise be attractive to us. What would it amount to?
What would it mean?
What interest would such a salvation have to offer?
A beatitude of slaves, a salvation of slaves, a slavish beatitude, how do you expect me to be interested in that kind of thing? Does one care to be loved by slaves?
If it were only a matter of proving my might, my might has no need of those slaves, my might is well enough known, it is sufficiently known that I am the Almighty.
My might is manifest enough in all matter and in all events.
My might is manifest enough in the sands of the sea and in the stars of heaven.
It is not questioned, it is known, it is manifest enough in inanimate creation.
It is manifest enough in the government,
In the very event that is man.
But in my creation which is endued with life, says God, I wanted something better, I wanted something more.
Infinitely better. Infinitely more. For I wanted that freedom.
I created that very freedom. There are several degrees to my throne.
When you once have known what it is to be loved freely, submission no longer has any taste.
All the prostrations in the world
Are not worth the beautiful upright attitude of a free man as he kneels. All the submission, all the dejection in the world
Are not equal in value to the soaring up point,
The beautiful straight soaring up of one single invocation
From a love that is free.

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French and English Canadians

An account of what has happened between two peoples to the north of us.

By **Burton Le Doux**

SINCE the conquest, French Canadians have felt themselves a repressed nationality, prevented by superior force and numbers from expressing themselves fully and normally. The sixty-odd thousand who stood their ground before the conquerors in 1763 now number more than three millions, nearly a third of Canada's population. The English therefore have had a problem of increasing magnitude on their hands, and have labored heavily under the necessity of consolidating their conquest. At no time could these French be pushed aside as were the Indians with their shabby and primitive culture. The French represented a language and a culture which had rivaled the English for centuries; hence the persistent efforts to disparage them, and the long-continued attempts to assimilate French Canadians.

The main offensive has been directed against the French Canadian Church. To British Canadians, this seemed sound enough procedure: French Canadian life was integrated by Church ideology; clergy and people were united in a felicitous relationship that would surprise many Catholics elsewhere; the clergy were in the forefront of the defense of all those things French Canadians held most dear in life; British Canadian religious intolerance sanctified this offensive; and lastly, the successful absorption of Huguenots into Anglo-Saxon groups provided a glowing example of what must first be accomplished to bring about the kind of fusion desired.

But French Canadians would have none of this.

In the wake of the conquering army there came a swarm of British and American adventurers, ravenous for quick and big profits, regardless of method. After 1776, these were followed by a horde of American Tories, penniless, and in flight from the Declaration of Independence and the Peace of 1783. These two groups have furnished the principal native leadership for British Canada, and still do. They have been periodically reinforced by many British immigrants of like psychology: people "on the make" politically and economically, springing chiefly from the lower classes where religious and national intolerance have been most virulent. In uneasy alliance with imperial authorities, they have sought to rule French Canadians with a heavy hand: appropriation and exploitation being the usual accompaniments of conquest.

The great question before a conquered Christian people is whether its attempt to regain that measure of human dignity to which each people is entitled shall be by way of sabotage, treason, armed rebellion, or by way of clearly defined Christian principles. The French Canadian people have held determinedly to the latter course—though not without bewilderment, soul-searchings, defections from their ranks, and splotchings here and there with mud. This despite their profound awareness that their petty rebellion of 1837 brought about immediate and drastic changes for the better in the conditions of life imposed upon them.

Thus the first policy of French Canadians has been to render unto Caesar (that is unto the state the British set up in Canada, in whose making they themselves later have somewhat participated) that which was Caesar's, but they have done their best to restrain Caesar from encroaching upon God. This simple Biblical injunction was the ideal of the Middle Ages in relation to economic and political power. The charge of disloyalty which consequently fell upon French Canadians, together with the castigation of "ignorance" because they would not embrace the philosophy of their conquerors, are merely signs of British Canadian distress—not unlike the distress officials of the Roman Empire experienced with Christians of that time. These are men and women who will never practice an undivided allegiance to the State, nor accept Caesar's decrees as final and highest authority. In no sense is French Canadianism a passive nationality. It has little in common with Gandhi-like movements, nor with the terroristic tactics which have, in some instances, paved the way to freedom for other peoples.

The conquest left French Canadians with a disrupted economy; the countryside had been devastated by war; all but a few of the townspeople were impoverished, and either went to work in menial positions for the conquerors, or crowded back to the farms. *Forcibly restrained for more than a century from relations with France,* and with only a handful of French books, the whole people trimmed their sails and stubbornly rode out the storm. The fulminations of certain leaders

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against "revolutionary," or against Napoleonic, France, or against the Third Republic, should be discounted as evidence chiefly of political differences; the love of France is instinctive in them all.

Immediately after the conquest, Canadian society took the form it has retained to this day: British Empire officials and emissaries from the British banking world assumed the station of aristocrats; a number of native British Canadians have been admitted to their ranks, individuals who have made good in the spectacular manner of our own millionaires—Canada has its "Two Hundred Families"; the remaining British Canadians constituted the bourgeoisie; the French Canadian people as a whole remained on their small land holdings, and have been subject to all the prejudices, the dislike, the discrimination, which aristocrats and the middle class of another time were supposed to have held toward "bumpkins." The legend that French Canadians are a "peasant" people finds confirmation only in this artificial society created after the conquest. It is true that practically all French Canadians were reduced to peasant occupations, and for two generations degraded politically to a position of impotence; this operated to bring them all to the same level. All but a handful of French Canadians today are products of intermarriage between the three classes that constituted the colonial society: the *petite noblesse,* the townspeople and the *habitants.* The process of mixture began in colonial days; class lines were not nearly as rigid as they were in Europe. Today, French Canadians—though traditionally advocates of a class society—reject the present artificial Canadian line-up; they feel that an aristocracy, even a bourgeoisie, should be guided by *noblesse oblige,* and that the returns made by the Canadian "aristocracy" and "bourgeoisie" to the whole Canadian society have been inadequate to justify their power and privilege.

Despite the conquest

Never willingly accepting the conquest, and the restrictions put upon them, French Canadians turned to reconstruction and to the goal of freedom for their way of life. Slowly, churches were rebuilt, new ones erected; around these, schools and colleges took form on every side. But these last were insufficient for many decades to fill the needs of the constantly increasing population; money and trained personnel were pitifully scarce; large numbers of the people received only the very rudiments of formal education, many none at all. This situation has changed for the better in the last 25 years; French Canada is now dotted with schools and colleges of every description; teaching methods and personnel have greatly improved. Much still remains to be done, but judging from the intellectual activity going on today, this society is about ready to produce in the best tradition of the French ideology it represents in America. All agree that its system of education needs revamping; it is doubtful that correctives will follow wholly in imitation of American methods.

Socially, the French and British of Canada have looked down upon each other; religiously, the chasm between British Protestant and French Catholic shows little signs of filling in; politically, British Canadians have been unified by modern economic and political principles, "business man's ethics," whereas French Canadians have been unified by the continuance of medieval Christianity—no separation of Church and State (but freedom of worship). This is the opposite to the compartmentalized philosophy of our own day, which has separated politics, economics, science and art into specialties owing no allegiance to a higher power, and which—American and English testimony on this subject is ample enough—has degraded man to a cog in a gigantic machine directed by whosoever can seize and then monopolize control of the State.

Up to the opening of the twentieth century, French Canadians were as a people besieged. Life behind the wall was hard, honest poverty widespread (though there was little utter destitution), and as always among a besieged people, the terrible scourges of tuberculosis, diphtheria and high infant mortality followed in the wake of malnutrition. These afflictions have been widely cited as evidence of French Canadian "ignorance." They should, however, be associated with the poverty and the malnutrition brought upon these people in large measure by the monopoly which the "aristocracy" and the "bourgeoisie" of Canada hold over the material resources of the country, and over the opportunities for making a decent living.

There were too many people behind the wall for the resources available to French Canadians. Increasing prodigiously in numbers throughout the nineteenth century, they were practically confined to the "reservation" of Quebec by a political chicanery which prevented them from acquiring the rich Crown Lands to the west. Toward the end of the century the wall burst wide open from inner pressure, and a flood-tide of French Canadians poured into New England. (There are close to two million French Canadians in the United States.) British Canadians at that time, through their monopoly of political power and their control of finance, public and private, were busy developing the resources of the country, installing there the outlines of the accelerated industrialism characteristic of this century. They finally looked with uneasiness at this mass emigration of "cheap labor"; rural colonizing schemes were set in motion in cooperation with French Canadian organizations. Today, there are important French Cana-

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dian minorities in Ontario, the Eastern Provinces, and numerous enclaves elsewhere in Canada.

The vital issue

Meanwhile—the political turmoil between the two peoples served as façade for concealment of the vital issue at stake. Conquered peoples want most that the conquerors get out of the country; they want to reassume full control of all their own affairs; French Canadians have been no exception to this rule. Throughout their ordeal, conquered peoples have, let us say, an *additional* need for religion; they are especially susceptible to a program of idealism; hence the injustices and the servitude imposed upon French Canadians helped to strengthen an already deeply religious people in their religious practice.

Having been compelled to submit to British rule, they set themselves to the tasks (1) of maintaining their own culture inviolate, and (2) of bringing about a relationship between French and British in Canada based upon a kind of justice and equality of rights which do not usually accompany a conquest. Realistically, they have recognized that somehow reconcilation and unity must be brought about between the two peoples, and this without domination of either people over the other. This brought them smack up against the idea of Canadian unity held by British Canadians, one which has been frankly predicated on domination, control and eventual assimilation of the French. The main contribution of French Canadians to the Confederation known as Canada has been an effort to formulate a synthesis of Canadian life. It is pertinent to point out that reconciliation, political unity, and synthesis (not conquest) was essentially the policy of French Canadians toward the Indian.

In their effort, French Canadians have been helped by the Crown, by some of the Imperial governors, and by many British Canadians who themselves sincerely believed in the principles underlying it. French Canadians have responded to this with respect, even admiration, for the persons concerned. The Crown especially has attracted their devotion; it (and some of its representatives) have often served as wet blankets on British Canadian policies and behavior; it is the camp-followers of Imperialism who have been the flies in the ointment. Be it remembered, however, that those who cooperated with French Canadians were in the full flow of British liberalism; they themselves were removed from the grosser forms of competition within the British society itself; they were secure in their own particular positions —a powerful incentive toward liberalism: security being admittedly the basis of British liberalism during, let us say, the nineteenth century.

British liberal thought has been relatively ineffective in Canada; it reached only in small measure the British Canadians who were forging and extending their political and economic domination dating from the conquest. The overwhelming number of British Canadians have never felt secure enough in the presence of French Canadians to become liberal. They are among the most conservative elements in the whole Anglo-Saxon society; Canada under their rule (with the exception of some of the prairie provinces) has been noted as one of the more reactionary countries among those predominantly populated by English-speaking people; its social, financial, and political legislation is notably lagging behind that of Great Britain, and far behind that of our own country.

Nevertheless, the hand of the Canadian state itself rested relatively lightly on the French Canadian during the nineteenth century. Most of the population enjoyed the independence of people living on or near the soil. Whenever the state made unreasonable demands upon them, they adopted a stubborn attitude of non-collaboration. This they could maintain successfully because their livelihood, such as it was, came from their labor in their own fields, and from small trade among their own people.

These conditions no longer prevail. The great trek of French Canadians from the farms to towns and cities has played havoc with their way of life. They are now gathered in large uprooted masses at the mercy of industrial depressions totally beyond their control, and of the greatly exacerbated forms of modern industrialism. In close alliance with British Canadian financial and economic power, American Big Business has increasingly invaded Quebec, and not without help from its few vulgar French Canadian allies. Not only is French Canadian small business being wiped out rapidly, but immense numbers of French Canadians are working under deplorable conditions, and at wages totally inadequate for decent life.

French Canadians have a long record and tradition of personal and private freedom, regardless. They are a liberty-loving people unprepared for modern regimentation, and unwilling to accept it—it is unlikely they will submit to present conditions much longer. The signs are already numerous, one being the rise of "La Ligue Pour la Défense du Canada" which has, in its short term of life, already demonstrated that French Canadians can be mobilized almost unanimously when confronted with a basic issue; that a group of private citizens can take successful action independently of their own political leaders, presently discredited but still in office; that morality ought to govern political affairs as well as religious affairs; and that "La Défense du Canada" ought to include defense *now* against internal enemies as well as against external enemies, against the exploitation, the poverty, and the disease which exist within Canada itself.

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Vitoria

The founder of International Law provides guidance for today.

By **Clarence Finlayson**

INTERNATIONAL LAW as we know it is Catholic and Spanish in origin. Francisco de Vitoria of the Order of Saint Dominic was its founder. That remarkable man had an extraordinary destiny. From his humble chair at the University of Salamanca, he exercised greater influence on the development of America than Emperor Charles V and all the kings of Spain. If Columbus was the discoverer of the new continent, Vitoria was the man who gave it its intellectual formation and its true place in the world of civilization and culture.

Francisco de Vitoria was born in the town of the same name in the Basque province of Alava somewhere between 1480 and 1483. He felt called to enter the Order of Saint Dominic which best manifested the intellect within Catholicism, just as the Society of Jesus—to quote the celebrated Father Clerissac—best developed the human will. In 1506 he went to the University of Paris to study philosophy; he was sent by his superiors as a reward for his brilliance and hard work. "Bonas litteras attingit feliciter iam inde a puero," testifies the humanist Luis Vives, one of his best friends.

His contact with France first attracted him to the conception of the different countries as a great family of nations whose relationships by common consent should be governed by theological and philosophical laws of a deductive character. At the same time the practical and historical factors under which they unfold and to which they apply had to be taken into account.

The intellectual development of Vitoria in those years at the Sorbonne, as Menéndez y Palayo has noted, impelled him toward a work of revolt: to destroy many of the doctrines and methods then in vogue. The nominalism of Occam combined with a decadent scholasticism held sway in the universities; purely formal subjects were studied and discussed without practical applications or considering their connection with actuality. You might say they were forms without content that remained devoid of life. That explains the sarcastic references of Erasmus to the Sorbonne. Against all this sterility the creative genius of Francisco de Vitoria rose up in arms.

On his return to Spain Vitoria taught at Valladolid. In 1526 he reached the culmination of his teaching career by occupying the chair of "first" theology at the University of Salamanca, the most famous university in Spain. At that time theology was the mistress of all the sciences taught there, not only in itself but also because of its great social and cultural influence. That chair of theology got its name "first" from the fact that theological instruction began at dawn, at six o'clock in the morning.

From the time of his appointment Vitoria began to exert his influence on Spanish thought, thought which in the course of the years was to transcend the boundaries of his country, to become universal and international. The University of Salamanca together with that of Alcalá de Henares was the foremost of all the Spanish universities and one of the foremost in Europe. It was the source of new ideas on current problems; it also analyzed critically the social, political and cultural activities of the Peninsula. It could be said that doctrines and opinions did not attain citizenship until they had been analyzed and criticized at Salamanca. There was a well-known saying that "Lo que Dios no da Salamanca no lo presta." At the time of the expansion of the empire in the sixteenth century Salamanca was a veritable seed-bed of culture and restoration. Some 20,000 students attended its courses and the university constitutions are models of liberty and good sense.

When the conquest and colonization of America began, a myriad of new moral problems arose. It was at Salamanca especially that the problems were studied in detail and it was here that were born the basic principles of modern international law. It is customary still in our American and European universities to hold that Grotius was the founder of that political science and to refer to Vitoria as one of his precursors. But as James Brown Scott, the noted American internationalist of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, has well said, Vitoria was not only a precursor but much more. He was its creator. In the works of Vitoria to which I shall refer later there came into full being in their essential lineaments that whole series of principles that we call today International Law, so opposed to what has taken place recently, especially to the actions of the totalitarian nations.

In 1904 there appeared in Paris a notable vol-

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ume entitled "The Founders of International Law," brought to completion by the celebrated French internationalist, Pillet. This work of scholarship considers as founders of the Law of Nations the following: *Vitoria,* Gentili, Suárez, Grotius, Zouch, Pufendorf, Byndershoek, Wolf, Vattel, Martens. Vitoria leads all the rest. International Law, then, recognizes as its founder a Catholic, a Latin and a Spaniard, Father Francisco de Vitoria of the Order of Preachers.

His written works and his teachings

The two works that have brought fame to Vitoria are: "Relectiones de Indis" (On the Indians), and the treatise "De Jure Belli" (On the Law of War). They originated as lectures that Vitoria gave his students. They constitute commentaries on the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas *Secunda Secundae*. It is also important to remember that Vitoria was the first theologian who took as his text the *chef d'oeuvre* of Aquinas, thus supplanting the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard. Vitoria's method was to examine the questions of the day in the light of the great principles of the past. One of those problems still has its interest for us: the divorce of Henry VIII from Catherine of Aragon (Vitoria was the theologian charged with studying the problem in Spain and was questioned about it by the Roman Curia). But the principal question that then arose was the relationship between the New and the Old World. Columbus had just discovered America. The answers to the new problems that resulted gave birth to modern International Law and they constituted his major work, "On the Indians Recently Discovered."

Vitoria conceived of theology as a universal science suitable for dealing with everything from the Attributes of God to the most detailed and concrete problems of daily life. Because of his transcendental vision and his constant contemplation and vitalization of theological principles, Vitoria has been considered as the first to teach Spaniards to theologize. He was the precursor of all the Spanish theologians, especially those of the Council of Trent who were to be the light of Christendom. One of the declarations of that Council was to establish the equality of all men as regards salvation, the brotherhood of all under the same Common Father. At her birth America was incorporated into the universal patrimony of Christianity.

Vitoria respected facts, but above all he sought in them the essences of things. He was primarily a theorist, not a theoretical idealist but one who was practical and realistic. And for that reason he was also universal, belongs to every century. His words not only have significance for his time, they embrace every human epoch.

It is curious to note that the first question that arises in his "On the Indians" is whether the children of unbelievers can or should be baptized in opposition to the wishes of their parents. That question, in appearance so theological, came to be the basis of all his doctrines, even the most diverse and pregnant with meaning for the most varied international questions. In reaching a conclusion on this controversial question, Vitoria affirmed the natural rights of the American Indians as persons, as subjects of right and law. Then he went on to consider the rights of the Spaniards on the new continent and those especially which pertained to the Emperor. He had in mind at the time Charles V of Germany, who was Carlos I of Spain and claimed a world empire. Right there and on that point the independent judgment of Vitoria manifested itself: when the Spanish people enthusiastically welcomed the fantastic conquests across the seas, when many jurists wanted to base on Law the all-embracing power of the Emperor over the world, the voice of Vitoria rang out in the famous saying, "The Emperor is not the master of the entire world."

Vitoria granted that it was permissible to occupy the new lands that had been discovered so long as they were public lands, but held that ownership of all land which provided the Indian with his sustenance had to be respected. He denied the right to go to war because of differences of religion. Only when the Indian tribes followed customs which were contrary to natural law (such as cannibalism) and opposed the introduction of Christian culture and civilization, then was it permissible to fight them. But the Gospels must be preached as a message of peace. He sought justice and charity for the new men who were slowly being incorporated into the Spanish dominion.

Vitoria saw in America a vast continent of great potentialities—a view which maintained as no other international conception did a lofty and spiritual vision. If Columbus discovered America for the world, Vitoria discovered it and established it for the Kingdom of God. And there was no limit to the missionary labor always present in the drawing up of the principles of International Law. "Perhaps after all, America never has been discovered. I myself would say that it had merely been detected." (Oscar Wilde in "The Picture of Dorian Gray.") It was a continual discovery of spiritual possibilities that Vitoria had in view. Could anything come closer to embodying in history the fact of the Incarnation? The dogma of the Communion of Saints is but a necessary and inevitable consequence of the dogma of the Mystical Body of Christ. International Law founded by Vitoria was based on the Christian conception of life, on the very spirit of the Gospels.

It is highly gratifying for me to cite an eloquent paragraph from the "Politica de Vitoria" written by my distinguished friend, Antonio Gómez

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Robledo, professor of International Law at the National University of Mexico; it summarizes what I have been saying:

> When we realize that Vitoria was able, at the age of fifty-seven, to dictate the winged pages of "Relectiones de Indis" we have to agree that he had the secret of perennial youth of which Grotius was ignorant. He never tarnished his vocation as a distinterested intellectual with political ambition or simply with a quest for honors. He could have easily attained riches and power. Above everything there coursed through his whole being the youthful force of the Gospels that serenely announced the Kingdom of God without recourse to the equivocations which are the stock in trade of Pharisees and Caesars. It is symbolical that the words with which Vitoria turned to the American world to unite it to the European world in the new universal society were the same that invited the whole universe to accept the blessings of the Redemption, the final words of the Saviour on this earth: "Go and teach all nations."

Three basic facts

James Brown Scott is profoundly right in saying that the three most important happenings of those times are the discovery of America by Columbus, the publishing of the "Gramática Castellana" of Nebrija and the "Relectiones de Indis" of Vitoria. Antonio de Nebrija's grammar unified the language and definitively gave Castilian predominance over all the other languages of the Peninsula. Thanks to Nebrija and Queen Isabel the Catholic, Castilian is today spoken throughout Spanish America. And it is because of Vitoria that we live under the solid spiritual patrimony of International Law founded on the justice and charity of Christianity. That is why from the first steps of conquest the voice of Bartolomé de las Casas, the "Protector of the Indians," was raised against the abuses of Spanish adventurers and soldiers and why he preached in their behalf. And the kings of Spain had to listen to his terrible warnings.

Vitoria has received much homage. Both in Europe and America interesting works have been published about his doctrines. Nevertheless, it is still necessary to emphasize the importance of his work, especially now in the midst of the tumult of the modern world. Vitoria defied all the totalitarian conceptions that find a basis for law in the supposed superiority of any race or any specific nation; he protested against all the fascisms that view the State as a supreme power or enslave man to a materialistic ideal. And we must also remember that America today has a new message to give the world. What could be more significant or more universal than Vitoria's own message, the Magna Charta which defines our status before the civilized world.

America today is defending her spiritual values. It is a fact that there exists in America a profound conviction that all international disputes must be resolved in the light of justice. The Seventh International Conference of American States in 1933 adopted a resolution, "that a bust of the Spanish theologian, Francisco de Vitoria, be placed in the headquarters of the Pan American Union in Washington, as a tribute to the professor of Salamanca who in the sixteenth century established the foundations of modern International Law."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE New York *Times* surpassed its greatest previous record—whatever that might have been!—for the publication of "all the news that's fit to print" in its issue for Friday, December 25. On Christmas Day. If there is a newspaper which over a longer period of time has been more consistently and thoroughly and honestly faithful to the best ideals of a secular journal in a free society than the New York *Times,* as guided by Adolph Ochs—and still faithful to his spirit—I hope that its name and record will be supplied by those who know it. For in that case, there would bound to be a discussion, not to say a controversy, as a result of which it is most probable that all honest doubts in the matter would be permanently settled in favor of the *Times.* Another, and most desirable, effect of such a discussion might be the rousing up of far greater interest in the problem of our American press than seems to be evident at present. The substitution of comic strips and headlines of stupendous silliness and mass-produced "features" of most dubious types and stuff labelled "news" which is heavily adulterated by "slants" and "policies" of a partisan political or partisan economic character, dictated by multi-millionaire chain proprietors and egoistic individuals, has so degraded a great mass of what are still called "newspapers" that such genuine papers as the *Times,* and the small number of others which still hold fast to the same good traditions and standards, should be given honor only second to that earned by the nations that are fighting the Axis.

However, let me return to the theme with which I began—lest all the space available be exhausted in the seemingly vain effort to communicate a sense of the deep degradation of the mass of our secular daily journalism to those who seem indifferent. On Christmas Day, then, the New York *Times* gave its readers the complete texts of four most important documents, issued as news because in truth they constituted news of fundamental significance. And all were vitally connected with that "good news" which is the Christian Gospel, first given to the world on the first Christmas of all, in Bethlehem. There was the English translation of the Holy Father's Christmas message to "the city and the world," as picked up out of the ether when delivered from the radio station in the Vatican. There was also the full text of the statement of the American Institute of Judaism. Then there was the text of the message sent direct to the New York *Times* by "the

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second ranking prelate of the Russian Orthodox Church," the Metropolitan Nikolai, of Kiev and Galich. And there was the text of President Roosevelt's Christmas message, spoken by radio from the White House, by the unlighted Christmas tree—its traditional glory of lights blacked out, this year, by war requirements.

It was unfortunate, in a way, that another highly significant document, the report made by Professor W. E. Garrison, of Chicago University, on behalf of the Religious News Service of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, was not released in time to be published with the others on Christmas Day, but it followed, the next day—and that, after all, was fortunate, rather than the reverse. For, symbolically at least, it marked the trail that ought to be followed in developing, and making concrete and practical, the great principles and ideas proclaimed in the other messages. For of all these messages, it may be said, in the words of a part of Professor Garrison's report, that "while the differences (among the major groups represented in the statements) in religious belief and practice are real and, so far as one dares to predict, permanent," nevertheless, "they also occupy common ground that forms a sufficient basis for cooperation in regard to the issues now in the forefront of the world's attention."

The reason for including President Roosevelt's message among those issued by the official religious leaders and teachers and scholars, becomes obvious in the light of one paragraph of the Presidential message. "To all Americans I say that loving your neighbor as we love ourselves is not enough, that we as a nation and as individuals will please God best by showing regard to the laws of God. There is no better way at this Christmastide or any other time of fostering good will toward man than by first fostering good will toward God. If we love Him we will keep His commandments."

Is the link at last supplied that will bind together the two great forces that never should be wholly severed, yet never should domineer one over the other, the Church and the State? Will what is said by the Pope, and by the Jewish leaders and their Christian associates of the Institute of Judaism, and by the Protestant Churches, and the Orthodox prelate, be really taken to mind and to heart as well as to the soul of man? Hope and faith and charity all cry, "Yes!" in spite of the voices of the guns, and all the other cries of doubt or denial—or the most depressing voice of all, that of indifference. But the good news so abundantly garnered by the New York *Times* must be viewed as seed to be cultivated, not wasted.

Communications

DEATH AND LIFE

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editors: Congratulations on the two recent contributions by Father de Menasce. His "Death and Life" in the December 11 issue was a moving document, and spiritual writing of a high calibre, for it stirred one to a new awareness of ultimate values. The entire article showed a deep Catholic sense. It struck me as one of the best among the consistently good things THE COMMONWEAL has managed to give its readers in recent months despite the inroads made on its editorial staff by the draft.

The stories of the unfrocked priests, especially of Captain Baby kissing the anointed hands of his apostate father, brought home, powerfully, the lesson of the unique greatness of the priestly office. Father de Menasce's method of teaching this lesson may be unconventional. It may even prove shocking to those who believe it the part of loyalty or piety to whitewash all clerical transgressions (at least in public; in private, of course, "among ourselves," these are too often considered as legitimate objects of unbridled comment). I wonder whether the Evangelists and the author of the Acts should have been more prudent and have hushed up the betrayal and suicide of the Apostle Judas, especially the part about his "bursting asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushing out."

Let us hear more from Father de Menasce.

REV. GODFREY DIEKMANN, O.S.B.

La Grange, Ills.

TO the Editors: When I had finished reading the last of the brilliant articles you published during the year from the pen of Father Jean C. de Menasce I could not help but wonder why it is that Catholics in America produce so few literary artists of such brilliancy as this young priest born abroad. Thirty years ago Father John Talbot Smith, whose wise counsel those of us who love the theater miss so much, lamented the great amount of priestly talent wasted here in country parishes where there was little to do half of the time and no effort made to encourage these priests to write. The situation is much the same today except that country pastors have less time to spare because of Social Action activities. However, America has yet to produce a Canon Sheehan.

I wonder if the principal reason we have so few writers is not the dangerous road a budding artist must travel. Archbishop Stritch has recently said that our shortage of eminent Catholic writers is due to a dearth of intelligent Catholic readers. There is no denying this, but there is such confusion amongst Catholics as to what is sound Catholic literature that readers scarcely know which way to turn. It takes a lot of life to make a little art and it is dangerous for Catholics to let it be known that they have looked too deep into their own hearts and into the hearts of men, sinners as well as saints. The "whiskey" priest in "Labyrinthine Ways" or a priest in "Death Comes to the Archbishop" scandalizes many a Catholic reader, often even those who have read the modern Catholic biographies, and such readers make short work of the reputation of even moderately realistic writers. Father de Menasce's revelations will be condemned by many a Catholic reader, and not all of them will be the type Father J. P. Redmond in his article on Eric Gill in *Liturgical Arts* (November, 1942) says see evil in many things where they should not see it. Many of them have an almost heretical obsession with a few sins and consequently they have a lopsided view of life. But the vast majority of them, it seems to

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me, are like the brilliant English poet I recently heard lecture. He knew everything there was to be known about poetry. He did not seem to know that there was much about modern painting of which he was ignorant. So he spoiled a good lecture by poking fun at people whom he said only pretended to see greatness in modern art. Cézanne, Van Gogh, Rouault were Greek to him, and that was that. He indulged in what is perhaps one of our greatest failings, condemning wholesale what we do not understand, without respect for authority.

May I add that I would not touch a book by Hemingway, James T. Farrell, or any of their realistic ilk? Nor would I like to see Father de Menasce write a realistic article every week. But in due proportion I find such articles as his "Death and Life" good for my soul. May you continue to have the courage to publish them when submitted by a priest-artist.

C. V. HIGGINS.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: As a constant reader of THE COMMONWEAL I have come to accept the high literary merit and interest of its articles as a matter of course and seldom feel constrained to express myself upon them. I cannot help doing so, however, in the matter of Father de Menasce's "Death and Life" in your issue of December 11. To me this seems not only an unusually beautiful piece of writing, but from the standpoint of apologetics, it brings out the true function of the priesthood at a most opportune time. As Dr. W. E. Orchard recently stated in an article in *Blackfriars,* "An army of the very best kind of priests is wanted for the forward movement America needs."

H. R. EVANS.

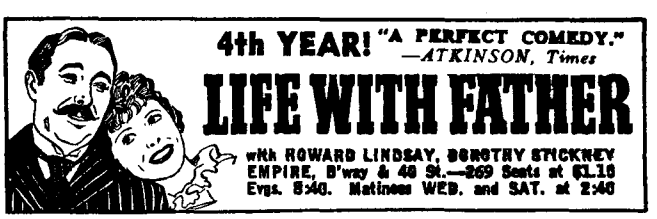
The Screen

The Ship

IT IS interesting to note that the best film so far to come out of this war is an English film—an English film by, of all people, Noel Coward. I say "of all people" because we usually associate Mr. Coward's name with the trivial, amusing, cynical (and sometimes lascivious) plays, operettas, musical revues and movies which are his brain-children. We frequently forget that he wrote "Cavalcade," a serious pageant-play of fifty years in the life of an English family. But "Cavalcade" was smothered in gushing flag waving. Now Mr. Coward has made *"In Which We Serve,"* which, although it has much of the sentimentality of "Cavalcade," far surpasses that film in simplicity, realism and sincerity. It is a picture of English people in wartime that makes "Mrs. Miniver" look like a pretentious whimsy. And Coward deserves major credit because he produced, co-directed (with David Lean), acted in and wrote the script and the music for "In Which We Serve"; and every department excels.

The plot of this picture cannot really be told, for the whole of it belongs only to cinema and can be related only through the sight and sound of the film medium. This is the story of a ship—H.M.S. *Torrin,* a destroyer that we first see being built in 1938 and last see as it turns over on its side after being bombed by the Germans in 1941. As a few officers and men cling to a raft in the oil covered waters, as enemy planes zoom overhead and riddle the survivors with bullets, these Englishmen remember other days on the *Torrin,* other days with their families. And it is in these flashbacks that the film rises to distinguished heights of cinema portrayal. We get a cross section of England as the captain (Noel Coward), the chief petty officer (Bernard Miles), an ordinary seaman (John Mills) recall events that show these men at home, with their wives and sweethearts, with their children, in their relationships with each other, in their work, in their battles, in their heroic rescue of other men at Dunkirk. We learn to know these men and other men on the *Torrin* as men and as heroes. And we learn to know their women (Celia Johnson, Kay Walsh, Joyce Carey, Kathleen Harrison) as mothers, wives, and as heroines in the war who also serve and wait. The performances by the cast throughout leave nothing to be desired. Americans might have some difficulty at times following the various English accents, but once one gets used to them and again gets used to English reticence and seeming lack of emotion, one revels in the warmth of the episodes. One might object to the film's attitude of *noblesse oblige,* the strong lines of demarcation between the classes, but the objections should be directed at Mr. Coward and the English who represent the attitude. Mr. Coward is sentimental at times, but the quality of the writing in his screenplay is of a high standard. Many of the speeches will hit you hard—especially those Christmas toasts, and all of the Captain's informal talks to his men. It is difficult to decide which is the most moving scene: that which shows the hospitality of the sailors to their "guests," the rescued soldiers at Dunkirk; or the Captain's personal farewell to his men after the *Torrin* survivors are rescued; or some of the intimate home episodes; that magnificent scene in which we see the dead-tired, discouraged, beaten soldiers who have just been returned to England after the horrors of Dunkirk. "In Which We Serve" is an artistic achievement that carries a message of great hope for all the fighters of the United Nations. But the greatest point of success for this film and the one that makes it a motion picture not only for the present but for all time is its positive attitude toward humanity. It preaches no doctrine of hatred; rather it extols the valor and virtue of man. In its epilogue, it sings especially the praises of the men of the sea: "It is these men in peace or war, to whom we owe so much. Above all victories, beyond all loss, in spite of changing values in a changing world, they give, to us their countrymen, eternal and indomitable pride. God bless our ships and all who sail in them."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.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Catholics and Novels

By MAISIE WARD SHEED

"TAKE this for your journey," said my friend. "I don't mind giving it to you because it may amuse you. But don't leave it about: it is so coarse and irreverent it quite shocked me." "This" was "Father Malachy's Miracle," and I laughed on my train with sheer enjoyment of the book, and again with amazement at the way it had been introduced to me. Yet my friend was no fool, but a doctor of wide experience and a good sense of humor.

The problem of the effect of books on minds is not an easy one, to be solved by a simple formula. It is not even possible—though sometimes it may seem so—to divide Catholics into those who are shocked by a frank novel and those who are shocked by their shocked friends, and who infer from prudery an unclean mind. I once knew a woman who boasted that nothing could shock her, thereby revealing the spotless character of her associates and the innate spinsterhood wherein her marriage (to another spinster) had maintained her. My husband expressed a wish to cure her by conducting her through the back streets of Cairo. (For indeed to be incapable of being shocked is a moral blemish of high order and we did not hold her guilty of it.)

The real difficulty is that while everybody can be shocked on occasion, different things shock different people. Nay, more, the same people are in one mood shocked by what at another time will leave them unmoved. The other day we were discussing novels. We were all Catholics: a priest from the Middle West, a Dutch girl, a New Yorker and myself, an English woman. During the discussion every member of the group mentioned at least one widely discussed Catholic novel by which he (or she) had been shocked, and in most cases the other members of the group had thoroughly liked the same book.

My Dutch friend had been horrified by Harry Sylvester's "Dearly Beloved." The priest admired it, but he had been shocked by one of her favorite books, "The Diary of a Country Priest" of Bernanos—because of the picture of the corrupt children given in the early part of the book. When my turn came, I had to own that the novel that had shocked me most profoundly was a choice of the Catholic Book Club, "The Abbey of Evolayne." I had read it in French and refused to translate it because it seemed to me to vie with Thomas Hardy in its powerful and haunting sense of fate, its fundamental unfaith in free will and the Providence of God. Husband and wife in the story separate to take religious vows. He as a monk is profoundly happy and successful, but she leaves her convent, and in the garden of his monastery she takes poison. "You may have saved many souls," she cries, "but you have damned mine." I quote from memory, for the book so haunted my days and nights when I first read it that after many years it is still vivid to me.

Then came the turn of the New Yorker who had, I found, been shocked by a book I had recently chosen for publication, "The Cupid on the Stairs." It may be that my reason for choosing it will furnish a clue to the solution of what had now become for me a fascinating problem—for this book did me good and has moreover brought at least one Catholic back to the confessional. A picture of the dead level of the natural, the dreariness of love on such a level, the added horror of conventional religion, is suddenly broken into by a poor Catholic boy dying in a hospital. His effect, simply by suffering and dying, on the unreal, almost non-existent creatures in the story (for one of whom he offers up his sufferings) has stirred me to pray, and another to—perhaps not curse, but certainly to condemn.

My clue is that it seems as though *each one* of these books that shocked some, helped others: certainly Father Malachy: certainly Bernanos. Mauriac in his "God and Mammon" says of novelists:

> It must be remembered that they are not the only authors of their novels; the reader himself collaborates with them. . . . The collaboration between the reader and the writer, varying as it does with each individual, makes the question of good and evil books an almost insoluble one. I think that only a novelist is in the position to judge of it. For my own part I know by experience and by confidential admission that the book in which an excessive outspokenness has been detected—and doubtless rightly—and which has been most severely censured is also the very book which has had the greatest effect on people from the religious point of view. We must not forget that the worst books as well as the best are double-edged weapons which the unknown reader plays with in a way we can never foresee. We cannot foresee whether the libertine and debauched element in the reader will be wounded or the good and pious one. Every human being makes his own honey according to his recipe; he passes from book to book and from doctrine to doctrine, taking what is good for him. . . . And that is why wretched literary people can still hope that the evil they have done will be forgiven because of the good which—often unknowingly—they have also done.

These "wretched literary people" have done one great thing by merely widening Catholic horizons. It is nearly twenty years since discussion raged on whether the novel as a literary form was coming to a close. That twenty years has shown in the Catholic literary revival quite a considerable proportion given to the novel. It is indeed arguable that the proportion is too great, but I think it is undeniable that what has been achieved in that field could not have been achieved had any one of us allowed the point at which we received a shock to be made into a line of demarcation separating what may from what may not be written.

My father, Wilfrid Ward, spoke of the period following the Reformation as a "state of siege" for the Church. Many Catholics developed a siege mentality which led to uneasiness and constant fears about what they could or could not safely write and safely read, with the result that they wrote and read almost nothing. Thanks to Mauriac's "literary people," we may now say with Dr. Johnson: "The efficacy of ignorance has long been tried and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge therefore take its turn, and let the patrons of privation stand a while aside and admit the operation of positive principles."

But what in this matter are the positive principles to be invoked? I will begin with what at first sight seems

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narrow, but will be found to be broadening in its results. Let us return to the old-fashioned notion that the novel is a book for adults. At eighteen I still had my reading chosen for me by my mother, and I am glad today, for she chose it well. While mind and body are growing, much that will be harmless later is definitely harmful. And the outcry against certain novels has been based on the notion that they were supposed to be read by schoolgirls and by cloistered nuns—by those not ripe for the world and by those who deliberately have renounced the world.

The novel especially deals with the world with which men and women have to deal, and a chief principle of Catholic action is that we should understand the milieu in which we live and study methods of bringing Catholic thought and life into that milieu. Many Catholics live in the pagan world around us, understanding it so little that they are not shocked by it and certainly are not trying to cure it. Sometimes a novel will shock by simply showing them that same world with inescapable clarity, and asking them in effect: what do you propose to do about this? Thus my second principle would be that since he is writing for adults, the novelist may write with frankness: so long only as he believes in the laws of God and shows it.

Of pagan novelists Mauriac says one chief error is "they do not take the dogma of the Fall of Man into account." This is really fundamental. In a single generation we have seen a change in the literary vision of mankind from the optimism of Walt Whitman to the pessimism of Theodore Dreiser, but with neither man is there any line drawn between right and wrong, or any realization that fallen nature is tempted to evil constantly, but can also triumph gloriously. Whitman in effect denies the Fall, Dreiser the Redemption. The Catholic novelist must be aware of both and should therefore have that greater power which is the prerogative of truth.

Personally I dislike coarseness in a novel because it almost always seems to me inartistic—a garbage can is necessary in a kitchen but is ugly in a drawing-room, and many novelists miss this distinction. But as Chesterton has said, when speaking of vice it is better to call an ugly thing by an ugly name. Anyhow, when we meet our Catholic ancestors on the road to Canterbury with Chaucer, or on the stage with Heywood, the friend of Saint Thomas More, we find them intolerably coarse by modern standards, which would seem to indicate that no strong principle can be made out of a liking for delicacy of expression.

The joy of limited creation given by God to man reaches its height in the person of the novelist. Christianity, Berdyaev once said, is the universe baptized. If we ever have the really great Catholic literature of which we dream, toward which we are groping, it will not be less creative than the Pagan literature that today surrounds us.

> The blood of the Redemption, which can turn a man into a friend of God, can also, if it touches them, exorcize art and the novel.

Surely the great principle is the personal purification alike of writer and of reader as urged by Jacques Maritain in "Art and Scholasticism":

> The essential point is not to know whether a novelist may or may not portray a given aspect of evil. The essential point is to know at what altitude he is when he makes this portrayal and whether his art and his soul are pure enough and strong enough to make it without conniving with it. The more the modern novel plunges into human misery, the more are superhuman virtues demanded from the novelist. For example, to write the work of a Proust as it should be written would require the interior light of a Saint Augustine.

Books of the Week

Reports from Tokyo

Report from Tokyo. Joseph C. Grew. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.
Government by Assassination. Hugh Byas. Knopf. $3.00.

JOSEPH C. GREW, for nearly a decade our Ambassador to Japan and now special adviser to the Secretary of State, admonishes his readers not to forget our most formidable enemy in the Pacific because of the perhaps more dramatic events on the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. He reveals the ruthlessness of Tokyo's war planning and stresses the great success Japan has been able to achieve during the first year of this war. She conquered countries having three times the population of the Japanese Isles, and it is with this formidable Greater Japan that we have still to fight after beating the European Axis. We cannot afford to tolerate Japan's "New Order" in Asia without endangering our own way of life. Grew emphasizes the tenacity of the Japanese character and foretells that our victory will not be an easy one.

In more detail than Ambassador Grew's rhetorical little book, nearly the same problems are treated by Hugh Byas, for long years New York *Times* correspondent in Tokyo He deals at length with the social and spiritual inheritance of the Japanese army and the philosophy of its leaders. Japan needed no Hitler and no Mussolini, as she had a much stronger basis of leadership in the Shinto myth which makes the Emperor a living deity. The continuity of the Imperial house for twenty-six centuries seems to the Japanese another proof that their dynasty is superior to the changing dynasties of the Occidental countries. The Japanese brand of national socialism has thus been defined by Major T. Takashima of the General Staff: "There is, or at least there has been, a number of nations which valued money and believed in its power. Substantial races like the Japanese and Germans value the state, honor, prestige, above material things. We have different ideas about economy. We prefer to mobilize the land, resources, manpower and potentiality into a workable unit. When the assets are harnessed for the good of the state they will become a lever to move the world."

Byas shows the unremitting devotion to the Emperor and the State by abundant quotations from contemporary books, magazines and newspapers. But he does not make perfectly clear how much this interpretation really corresponds to the traditions of Shinto and how much it is just forced upon the Japanese mind by purposeful state propaganda. The history of the relations between Shinto religion and modern political propaganda is still to be written.

Japanese politics, however, not only utilize the old myths and traditions. There are strange correlations between army, politics and gangsterism. The most interesting part of Mr. Byas's book is devoted to the so-called patriotic societies. The incredible doings the author tells us

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about read like mystery stories of thieves, blackmailers and murderers. As a matter of fact every civilian leader who tried to curb the Japanese army has been assassinated by someone from these "patriotic" ranks. In spite of undeniable idealistic forces in Japanese political fanaticism, there must be, according to the material offered in "Government by Assassination," more a hodge-podge of patriotism and crime in the land of the divine Mikado than in any other country on earth. MAX FISCHER.

BIOGRAPHY

Willard Gibbs. Muriel Rukeyser. Doubleday. $3.50.

FROM 1872 to 1880, Willard Gibbs, professor of mathematical physics at Yale, received no salary. The humble man thought himself sufficiently repaid by the opportunity the college gave him to write those papers on thermodynamics whereby "to physical chemistry he gave form for a hundred years"; and if Hopkins had not tried to tempt him away, he very likely would never have received one. The story of the life of Gibbs illustrates, among other matters, how strong is the religion of science. He was, in his day, the greatest devotee of the fundamental sciences in the United States. Physical chemistry since his day is founded on his work. A quotation from William James tells us that " 'they laugh best who laugh last.' Wait till we're dead twenty years. Look at the way they're now treating poor Willard Gibbs, who can hardly have been considered any great shakes at New Haven." Who knows? Surely in a post mortem one's insight is more profound than during life here below; Gibbs's laughter was not loud on this earth. . . .

If there ever was a dreadful subject for biography, Willard Gibbs is it. He simply stuck around New Haven, at work on a task that even his friends did not understand, nor most of his pupils. Miss Rukeyser has done miracles with him, setting his glories against those of contemporary Adamses, Jameses, Edison and such, with admirable skill. Her style of forced gaiety seems inappropriate to her subject, it is true, yet her book is an unbelievably precise and intelligible collation of a mountain of mysteries.

"Revolutions had already been brought about by the idea of energy—definitions, criticisms, recastings had been under way. New departures had been made in philosophy. These had found reflections in mechanics, in physics, chemistry and physiology. The underlying unities of every gesture of the universe had been detected. Since every act depends on the exchange and transformation of energy, which is measurable in one of two ways—as motion, or as heat—the language for this transformation had to be developed. It was Willard Gibbs's function to find a language for an underlying process." EDWARD L. KEYES.

FICTION

The Young Matriarch. G. B. Stern. Macmillan. $3.00.

MISS STERN ascribes to one of her characters as a salient characteristic an "inability to hold his tongue," and it would be quite possible to charge her with the same defect provided that we wanted her to—which is certainly not the case when the fabulous Rakonitzes, Czelovars and Bettelheims are involved. The most with which we can reproach her is that some of the types tend to become repetitious, and even here in the persons of the elder aunts, Sidora, Elsa and Bertha, who display many similar characteristics, we are compelled to forgive, nay, to thank their creator, so racy is their speech, so exuberant their personalities, so richly human the nature common to them all. But in the case of Loraine (another aunt, or pseudo-aunt)—No! It is a step too far, as one of her characters might say. The mind rejects her. Miss Stern has let her imagination run away with her.

It is a matriarchal world all right with which the author makes us familiar. The men, once their biological function to insure its continuance is completed, tend to shrivel up and disappear. One is permitted a momentary sparkle (Nicholas at that delightful lunch party in the Bois), but for the most part they lack staying-power. The women, on the other hand, are perennial, with due consideration allowed for differences in each generation as it advances to the center of the stage. Has she a weakness for mistresses, and if so is this due to a depreciation of the male? It is not so much that she exaggerates their understanding, for this might not be easy, but that she is prone to endow them with so many of the virtues commonly attributed to wives.

We must not take leave of Miss Stern without a tribute to the absence of sentimentality, even under circumstances most provocative of that quality, in all she writes. Take the scene in which the ladies of the family are engaged in "going through" their old trunks in order to provide for the equipment of a new household that is under way. We know the things that are likely to turn up—a forgotten photograph, a cherished postal-card, a bit of ribbon or old lace, a mantel ornament unseen since childhood: a sob behind each one—but the things must be disposed of, there is no time for sobs, and the scene is rescued from what in the hands of another writer would have proved a perfect wallow of sentimentality. She is able to see it all objectively, and to let it go at that.

As a sequel to "The Tents of Israel" and "A Deputy Was King," "The Young Matriarch" does not let us down—or, at least, not too far down. J. K. PAULDING.

Look to the Mountain. Le Grand Cannon, Jr. Holt. $2.75.

THIS TALE of pioneering in the Chocorua country of New Hampshire just before the Revolution is by no means just another historical novel offering romantic escape from the unpleasant realities of present-day American life. Mr. Cannon knows his New Hampshire intimately and has a deep understanding of the love of personal liberty which has been characteristic of dwellers in the region since the first white men came there. He has chosen at this time to recall the greatness of spirit which enabled the early pioneers to realize their dream regardless of the odds and sacrifices involved. He has succceeded in accomplishing his aim without straining for effect and with admirable faithfulness to the language, manners, and ways of thought of the region. The book is weakest when Mr. Cannon attempts conventional fictional situations, as in the early pages and in those dealing with the Battle of Bennington; it is strongest when he forgets about plot and simply unfolds the day-by-day story of his pioneer couple's struggle for survival out of the wealth of his knowledge of the region and its people. This is a novel richly flavored with the basic stuff of the American tradition.

MASON WADE.

HISTORY

The American Jew. A Composite Portrait. Edited by Oscar J. Janowsky. Harper. $2.50.

IT IS a well established military principle that it is a disadvantage to wage a "coalition" war. Theoretically it may seem profitable to draw upon the wisdom of several

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allies; but the practical disagreement on ways and means has always proved a handicap. This conflict is no exception. Analagously, this reviewer has always found collaborative writings rather sorry affairs. Theoretically, they focus specialized minds on each phase of a difficult question. Practically, the absence of unity on fundamentals usually leads to confusion. Limitations of space restrict each expert to a mere outline of his views, and the result is a kind of glorified *Readers Digest,* stimulating perhaps, but lacking in cohesion and solidity. Thus, "Jews in a Gentile World" recently won the commendation of M. Maritain in this Review; but parts of it would be acceptable to Father Coughlin. It is a pleasure to announce that the present volume, "The American Jew," avoids all the usual pitfalls of works of its class.

"The American Jew" follows the ordinary pattern of collaborations in that each chapter is assigned to a single author. There the parallel ends abruptly. It achieves real unity in principle and presentation, and this unanimity is not won the easy way by praising all things Jewish. The cohesiveness is due in part to the planning of its able editor; but it is primarily the result of agreement among its authors on the basic issues involved. Differing in background and in detail, they accept the propositions that Jewry is a spiritual-cultural conception, the product of a long historical development but capable of playing a creative rôle both within the group and in the country as a whole. A common devotion to the cause of Zionism, certainly the most dynamic spiritual force in the Jewish community of today, is a further cement binding the volume into an integrated whole.

The authors approach the tempo of Beard's "American Epic," and they aim at a broad canvas of Jewish achievement and problems in the history of this Republic. They go far beyond the ordinary aim of defending the Jew against his present detractors. While the subject of anti-Semitism is competently handled in a single chapter, it does not obtrude in the constructive analysis of Jewish cultural roots. The best treatment is the chapter on "Current Philosophies of Jewish Life" which presents realistically and critically the alternatives before the modern Jew.

This volume can be readily easily by a Gentile with no specialized knowledge of Jewish institutions, as all unfamiliar terms are explained. It should be read by anyone who hopes to appreciate the diverse currents which have made America. It must be read by all who want to be intelligently informed about a people who are destined to play an important rôle in the world of tomorrow. Catholics will find therein interesting parallels to problems that have beset their own path. Jewish religious education suggests our own reasonably successful attempt to immunize our young against the pressure of current secularism. Is Jewish literature any work written by one of the group, or must it imply the conscious use of special themes? This question is germane to much discussion in Catholic academic circles. Finally, the authors' analysis of the reasons for the "abysmally low" literary level of the Anglo-Jewish press is not exactly irrelevant. Briefly, if a fraction of the time spent discussing the Jew were spent with this volume, there would be a notable accession of wisdom.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

The March to Liberation. Yves Simon. Tower. $2.00.

THERE are a number of remarkable things about this little book; it contrives to be at once eloquent and lucid in thought, passionate and yet moderate in expression.

"This Publishing Business"

For many listeners Chesterton's radio talk on "The Catholic Idea of Liberty" appeared just another of his paradoxes. Catholicism, he believed, alone had created and could alone save for the mass of mankind the three main democratic notions of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. The Fraternity that St. Paul insisted on between slave and master destroyed slavery. Our world is restoring it under another name. For we have made a fetish of merely verbal liberty and let vital liberty be destroyed. Any man may in a modern democracy invent a new religion or enunciate a blasphemy—but not many men want to do either. What all men want and few possess is the freedom given by property protecting a family.

The Church has always safeguarded vital liberty even at the cost of curbing verbal liberty—that is she has refused to allow principles to be taught which would destroy freedom. In the books that tell of co-operatives and of the return of vital liberty to little groups and to individuals in America and in England, the wisdom of the Church is vindicated. Owen knew nothing of Catholicism but his Rochdale principles lying at the basis of successful co-operation lead straight into "The Economics of Bethlehem" as Father Vincent McNabb has called one of his articles in OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. "This co-operation is kinda on God's side," says one of the little men in Father Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA, LAND OF CO-OPERATORS.

NOVA SCOTIA is chiefly a picture-book in words: pictures which illuminate principles. Here are the little men who built their own houses and their own canneries, learning thereby both new skills and mutual trust; here is the huge French Canadian family, itself a small co-operative and the seed for a bigger. People come alive in this book: studying in Father Tompkins' Library (centre of twelve study groups in one small parish), opening their own banks and stores, learning to apply the Rochdale principles, winning liberty step by step. Dr. Coady and the other leaders inspire but do not create. The leaders discovered the little men: the little men make the movement.

Father Vincent McNabb has worked with Belloc and Chesterton in the field of ideas christened Distributism. His book helps to explain the success a few small groups have achieved and to point the way for others. He pleads for a re-integration of elements driven far apart.

OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER discusses Christian economics showing how the material side of life should be "kinda on God's side" but has been handed over to the devil. It contains also pictures no less vivid than Father Ward's of the winning of vital liberty. An old woman of 75 leaving the London slums to live off the produce of a garden she cultivated so well that she had lots to give away; a farmer winning a prize for sixty different products on a hundred acre farm; a group reverting to barter, happy in a home-made experiment in co-operation innocent of theory but worked out in daily practise. M. W.

OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER, by Vincent McNabb, O.P., $2.75. NOVA SCOTIA: LAND OF CO-OPERATORS, by Leo Ward, $2.50.

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Even those whom Professor Simon sees to be the worst betrayers of the good are explained rather than denounced. He combines the exaltation of the prophet with the calm of the philosopher; what he has written deserves to be widely read.

His thesis is one to which I fully assent: that this is not primarily a war between nations but an international civil war. "To believe that the enemy occupies no positions excepting those where German, Italian, or Japanese soldiers are encamped, would be insane obtuseness." In other words, if we have our allies within Germany and Italy, so have the nazis and fascists their allies within our borders. Every country invaded by Hitler produced its collaborationists at the right moment; we have our potential collaborationists too. "There is not a single country in the world where the foreign aggressor can be said to be the sole enemy. The foreign aggressor has collaborators everywhere." Usually they are disguised as nationalists; a mark by which they may be readily recognized is anti-Semitism.

Though the analysis has France primarily in mind, it is one that applies hardly less to ourselves. We have to fuse authority and liberty and hold each sacred, instead of regarding them as being obliged to make concessions to one another. Only by discovering in ourselves a heroic faith shall we be able to resist the imposition of the hideous totalitarian Utopia. THEODORE MAYNARD.

RELIGION

Pack Rat. Francis Clement Kelley. Bruce. $1.75.

BISHOP FRANCIS CLEMENT KELLEY calls his new opus a "Metaphoric Phantasy." Its concern is with Rats, Devils, and Dictators, the low elements responsible for war, the spawners of strife. To make his story "more sensible" the author uses the form of a "fairy tale"—with superlatively intellectual characters, one of whom is fiction's most grandiloquent dreamer. In reality the narrative is a sort of serial dream. Bishop Kelley has much to say about the causes, the course, the outcomes of war in general. His reflections on history, philosophy, theology, science, sociology, and the unpredictable elements in human nature, in special relation to this global war, are tightly concentrated into a framework of fiction. The result? Not fiction; rather a brilliant monologue in which one character speaks many parts.

Dr. Conway tells Peter, "All the parts of your dream are full of meat." How many admirers of Bishop Kelley will wish for a few meatless episodes? The learning in the story, the "meat," makes the book lack the one necessary quality the author knew it should have, and hoped for—the casual simplicity of a fire-side tale. Had the Bishop kept his original intention of writing a group of essays, what he wanted to say might have reached a wider and more appreciative audience. The author is one of our country's superb talkers. In print the personality of conversation is too often chilled. Too few readers, I am afraid, will ever finish the intellectual banquet this little book puts before them. DANIEL S. RANKIN.

SCIENCE

Love Against Hate. Karl Menninger, M.D. Harcourt. $3.50.

THE AVERAGE psychoanalyst is pincer-minded, and the unwary may be caught any odd Tuesday between the Freudian blades of (a) seeing sex in everything or (b) not seeing sex in everything. In a sense (i.e., analytical) it makes little difference which he sees, since at the pincer base, a complete sexual explanation awaits *either* contingency!

If we were to suggest that this *reductio ad sexam* is a bit naïve, we would be told that (a) we are not using the term "sex" in the analytical sense, or (b) (if we prove that we are) that we are unwilling to see the erotic haze which bathes our brave new world; this latter failure is, of course, the result of frustrated libidinous impulses within ourselves.

The perusal of technical or popular books on psychoanalysis may leave the uninitiated either baffled or nauseated, unless he possesses and retains a stalwart sense of humor and continues to bear in mind that all analytical roads lead to phallus. With this latter point, he may not, of course, agree, but *knowing* it, he will be neither horrified nor surprised to find that everything from religion to bananas is interpreted accordingly. The pantheist sees everything as God, the analyst everything as sex, the cynic everything as a very poor joke—it's like that. On the other hand, the stalwart sense of humor, will restrain the reader from disregarding the *whole* of psychoanalysis, even though he chokes over indigestible morsels. For it is a bromidic truism that despite flights of fancy (which consider a hair cut as an expression of the castration complex or the common cold as an oral eroticism), psychoanalysis has contributed immeasurably to our understanding of pathological psychology. Unfortunately, some people never appreciate the value of its contribution for being sidetracked by the comic relief.

All of which is a prelude to the fact that Dr. Karl Menninger has written another book, this time called "Love Against Hate." It seems to the reviewer that this last effort from the pen of a distinguished psychoanalyst, will do little to clarify anyone's ideas on love *or* hate. The book is wordy and inconclusive. The sense of humor and the recognition of the "all roads to phallus" principle, will have their customary workouts. Thus on page 130 Dr. Menninger asks, "How is it possible to sublimate sexuality when sexuality is already the highest and finest thing we know?"

This is another "popular" book—some people will be entertained by the case reports, some may find seeds for thought in isolated statements, or in the general pincer approach, but on the whole no one will miss a vital message if he just doesn't get around to read it.

ANNETTE C. WASHBURNE, M.D.

SOCIOLOGY

The Evolution of Social Classes. John W. McConnell. Council on Public Affairs. $3.50.

SOCIAL CLASS is here treated as a "group of persons united by the present or past performance of a function essential to the maintenance of the society—providing, however, that the performance of the function gives to the group a set of life conditions, patterns of thought and action, a standard of living, and organizations common to the group." Implicit, however, is the recognition of stratification.

A third of the book combs the past for illustrations. Here the facts are treated in a manner that is admittedly "selective rather than exhaustive." The sources seem to have been more selected than exhausted as well, and perhaps the men of the past would be surprised to find out in what their class system really consisted. I suspect that many a clergyman of the middle ages would be sur-

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prised to hear that "Fees were paid to the clergy for performing any of the seven sacraments."

The treatment of the New Haven class system illustrates the theory better; it is not intended as proof. Here occupational groups are regarded as social classes. Some very valuable data are marshaled effectively to show how patterns vary from one occupational group to another. Before we conclude that such patterns characterize classes, however, we need proof that classes develop on occupational lines. Cumulative evidence about distinctive occupational patterns indicate at best what people "must have" regarded as their class system; some recent studies show that they do not necessarily. Thus the occupational data serve as good leads to the study of class, and when such data are viewed with data from similar cities, they are especially compelling.

The theory of class is sketched in two chapters. One, bearing the title of the work, treats in order the prerequisites, cause and stabilizers of class. The first of the prerequisites is "a recognized social need and the demand for some particular function to be performed." This covers a lot of ground. The implication is that the demand comes from appreciation of environment, mainly the economic needs. What of other demands? Do we have enough data to assume today that "being employed is the most important factor in the life of most of our population"? Something seems peculiar, for "to the great mass of wage-earners the only achievements worth while are those which put them outside the wage-earning group." The second prerequisite is that "society itself be sufficiently advanced and large enough numerically to support extensive specialization in occupations." Apparently "sufficiently advanced" get that way without "extensive specialization." A third prerequisite, or rather incentive, is an out-group, the members of which serve as candidates for non-specialized or lower tasks. Apparently, the outsiders are inferior; is this class?

With such prerequisites, class may appear. As certain people set themselves to performing the particular function in demand, they obtain rewards. In turn, the relationships between them and the rest become relatively impersonal, and there develop distinctive patterns. The function-performers may continue to reap rewards after the demand for the function has changed to another, "a condition in which right and justice give place to organized force as a basis of distribution of wealth and privilege." Envy between classes "creates class competition and class antagonism." The theory runs along well, especially when all the qualifications of the author are kept in mind. But are those organizing a system of rewards as keenly conscious of the needs of society as they are of their own gain?

Classes are not mere purposeful groupings; rather they have a distinctive culture, which is kept intact by legal and religious devices, economic implements, class endogamy or other barriers. The problem, of course, is to know when such mechanisms do operate effectively to preserve a different culture. But this is a minor problem in comparison with the more difficult one of knowing when there is a distinctive culture group. In other words, what characteristics of class are essential? There is no *a priori* answer to this question, for those characteristics are essential which people regard as such.

The final chapter of the book contrasts the author's

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notion of class with some of the older notions. The problem is to know which of them give the best hypotheses for class analysis, and the conclusion of the author is that his does as well as any of the older conceptions of class. We think the value of the work lies in what it tells about occupational groups in New Haven. B. MULVANEY.

Race, Reason and Rubbish. Gunnar Dahlberg. Columbia. $2.25.

ANYONE who is still looking for a book by an author who is obviously intelligent, informed and balanced by a perfectly impartial objectivity will find in this volume an adequate recompense for all of the weary hours of wading through entertaining but meaningless junk and narrow prejudiced dissertations which reflect the natural confusion of tongues risen from our maniacal degree of educational specialization.

The purpose of the book is to evaluate our knowledge of the race problem as it relates to man. The author does not dash headlong into that subject, but devotes over half of his space to a clear, concise and delightfully humanized exposition of the fundamentals of genetics. Thus the layman who is an understanding reader can appreciate Dahlberg's critique of the race question in fully as mature and scientific a manner as can the human biologist.

Dahlberg analyses in great detail the degree of random mating existent in human society and the factors which interfere with it, both those which are natural developments from tradition or geography and scientifically planned eugenical measures. He deals extensively with the origin and influence of *isolates* or groups whose members marry among themselves. At present this part of the treatise would seem to be principally of theoretical interest in relation to homozygosity (homogeneity of hereditary material).

It is when he comes to the practical problems of inbreeding, birth rate, sterilization, the actualities of racial difference and the Negro and Jewish questions that his wisdom becomes most apparent. Dahlberg never forgets a single relevant fact. For instance, instead of growing excited and carrying a reformer type of banner about the birth rate of mental incompetents, he mathematically analyses the situation in accord with sound genetics and finds the problem presented is not a great one and that eugenical measures as practiced will accomplish little.

It is in this practical portion of the book, too, that he and his translator (Lancelot Hogben) who must be partially credited, most frequently rise to levels of high literary quality and give us things which will long linger in the memory of the reader. In speaking of the Negro he says, "The Negro comes into the world with a skin which darkens quickly after birth, and with a brain which soon blackens before the realization that he must abandon all hope." The Jew has usually been in the same category. But Dahlberg is holding no brief for minorities. He is simply dealing with the science of the thing in a comprehensive manner. Let us hope that the Coughlinites and other religious and social fanatics will read this book and, even if none of the milk of human kindness can drip from their hearts, perhaps their reason will make them ashamed of their scientific idiocy, for Dahlberg shows quite conclusively that there is no Jewish race, there is no Swedish race, there is no European race, and that the science of biology gives no indication whatever that the Mongol mind differs from the white mind in its operation or limited logic any more than the hearts of the two differ in their method of systole. J. MC A. KATER.

BRIEFERS

With Wings as Doves. Translated from the French by Sister M. Eustolia. St. Anthony. $1.50.

HERE is a collection of twelve short biographies presenting the Foundress and initial members of the Congregation of the Holy Names in North America. The sketches were written upon the death of the nuns for the archives of the Mother House in Montreal. These biographies are quiet testimonials to the quiet lives of twelve young women of varying talent, natures and dispositions. "With Wings as Doves" gives us intimacy with French Canadian domestic and religious life between the years of 1811 and 1862. The unhappy "Rebellion of 1837" is vividly touched upon.

HENRY KIRK.

These Two Hands. S. G. Edwards. Bruce. $2.25.

THIS STORY of the courageous and successful effort of a sensitive young American missionary priest to overcome fear contains interesting descriptions of life among the natives in the Philippines. The brisk narrative is marked by gentle humor, high adventure and vivid character drawing. Although too obvious in places, it drives its lesson home, and might be called an entirely objective treatment of an intensely subjective theme. A high school boy or girl would thrill to it. The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellent make-up of the volume.

DAISY MOSELEY.

A Companion to the Summa, Volume IV. Walter Farrell, O.P. The Way of Life. Sheed. $3.75.

THIS is the fourth and final volume of a noteworthy series. It completes the work of presenting in living language the maturest thought of the Universal Doctor of the Church. Herein is contained Saint Thomas' treatment of the Incarnation of Our Lord, of His divine Personality and twofold nature, of His Blessed Mother and other persons intimately associated with Him, of His institution of the seven Sacraments and establishment of His Church and of all else that pertains to the Redemption and final destiny of men. Like the other units of the series—indeed, like the "Summa Theologica" itself—this book is for beginners and advanced alike. It is, in fact, for all who would penetrate the deepest mysteries of reality and know the Way of Eternal Life. Father Farrell is to be congratulated on a work well done.

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

A Harmony of the Gospels. Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Herder. $2.50.

FATHER THOMPSON lays no claim to biblical scholarship. His harmony of the Gospel will be welcomed, however, by the "uninitiated" who will find in it a useful synchronization of the four Gospel narratives, put forward in an attractive form, under chapter headings which in themselves are a summing up of the sacred story. The book is provided with a textual index whereby the reader may find any verse and its parallel. There is also a complete Sunday Gospel index which will prove useful to both priest and layman.

W. WILFRED BAYNE.

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The Inner Forum

"For Victory—After Victory"

A ROTOGRAVURE section of the 1942 "Feature Number" of the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* of 625 N.B.C. Building of Cleveland, Ohio, the official diocesan weekly, is devoted to the question of Catholicism and world peace. It has brought together an impressive number of Catholic leaders in an illustrated supplement.

Many of the articles deal with the peace program of Pius XII and the principles enunciated by his recent predecessors, notably Benedict XV. Among the authors dealing with this phase of the question are: Archbishop Lucey of San Antonio; Bishop James H. Ryan of Omaha; Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen; Rev. John F. Cronin, S.S.; Dr. James M. Eagan; Dr. Francis E. McMahon; and Dr. John L. McMahon.

Another important section of this imposing testimony on peace deals with the basic social and economic human rights that must be assured to every man. Jacques Maritain stresses the intimate correlation between Christianity and genuine democracy. Rev. Peter J. M. H. Mommersteeg of Holland refers to the record of the United States in upholding Christianity, the inalienable rights of man, friendly separation of Church and State, a moral code in public life, and social justice by evolution, and calls upon us to give—directly and by example—unquestioned moral support to the hard-pressed peoples of Europe. The Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., discusses "The Rights of Man and of Peoples" and the Rev. John M. Hayes "The New Order at Home." One of the most able discussions in this section, "Something to Start With," by the Rev. Albert Le Roy, S. J., deals with the ILO.

In this issue also Monsignor John A. Ryan and Rev. Raymond McGowan discuss modern totalitarianism, while Rev. Charles P. Bruehl writes of "The Outlook for a Better World" and Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., deals with "Catholics and the Peace Crisis." Pan Americanism is ably dealt with by Rev. Benjamin Nuñez of Costa Rica in his "Good Neighbors in Christ." Then there are "Our Job in the Post-War World," by Dr. Charles P. O'Donnell; "The United States and Asia," by Harry Paxton Howard; "A Government for the world," by Marie J. Carroll; and "The CAIP," by Catherine Schaefer.

CONTRIBUTORS

Burton LE DOUX, an American business man, is a Protestant of French-Canadian parentage. He contributes to several periodicals, including the *Virginia Quarterly*.
Clarence FINLAYSON is a Chilean scholar, now teaching at Swarthmore.
Maisie Ward SHEED is one of the partners of Sheed and Ward. She is the author of several books, among them "This Burning Heat." She is at present working on a life of Chesterton.
Max FISCHER is a distinguished journalist and traveler.
Edward L. KEYES, M.D., one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL, is a frequent contributor.
J. K. PAULDING has long been a student of current literature.
Mason WADE's latest book is "Francis Parkman."
Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is a Navy Chaplain.
Theodore MAYNARD's latest book is "The Reed and the Rock."
Rev. Daniel S. RANKIN teaches at St. Mary's Manor, South Langhorne, Pa.
Annette C. WASHBURNE, M.D., is a practicing psychiatrist.
Rev. B. MULVANEY, C.S.V., teaches sociology at the Catholic University of America.
J. McA. KATER teaches science at Fordham University.
Rev. W. Wilfrid BAYNE, O.S.B., is a member of the community of St. Gregory's Priory, Portsmouth, R. I.

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